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DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN TEXAS.

ART has finally worked its way down into Texas, and one of the impressionable young authors, who periodically boil over in the columns of our delightful contemporary, *Texas Siftings*, paraphrases Victor Hugo and Ignatius Donnelly, in the following Macaulian and distinctively Texan manner:

"WHEN ART WAS YOUNG."

Everything that is, is a work of art. Every builder, manufacturer, constructor, or designer, is an artist, whether divine or human. Art is progressive. "Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for Nature is the art of God." Every true artist is an evolutionist. He labors to elevate his profession above the achievements of the past. Art is an entity, just as man is an entity, because it has actual existence. Art is power, but art, without an artist, is a myth, and an artist without intelligence an impossibility. Artists are not originators, except in the phases or forms of their productions. Their labor is the combining of known factors, elements and forces into new shapes and for new purposes. The art of a thing is first its aim, and next its manner of establishment.

Art, this omnipotent entity, pervades, so far as human knowledge goes, all the universal frame of matter. It existed before human eye had seen the beauty, or human ear had heard the music of the deep. In the primal morn of time, in the infancy of days, when the pleasant sun first on the delightful land spread his orient beams, ere the music of the spheres broke in waves of melody o'er the systems of the universe, ere the first day declined, and night, with starry gloom, like some dark, beautiful bird, settled o'er the land—it was there. When the heavens were brought forth, and the earth was formed; when rosy morn, for the first time advancing, "sowed the earth with orient pearls"—it was there. While all the geologic treasures of the stratified earth were forming—it was there. When, for the first time, beads of morning were strung on slender blades of grass; when Aurora, with incense from the garden of the gods, first gave to flowers their perfume—it was there. When reptiles first their foul presence intruded, and forests echoed to the tread of lordly beasts—it was there. And when Adam, in all his glorious beauty and perfection, was placed upon the earth, the Divine Artist looked upon His achievement, and declared that it was good.

Art shines in the sunlight, shimmers in the moonlight, sparkles in the prismatic beams of the arching rainbow, waves in the grass, whispers in the trees, murmurs in the rills, sighs in the pathless wood, moans upon the ocean's shore, speaks from all the glorious pictures with which the Infinite Artist has adorned the universe. It stands in the silent grottoes of memory, and revels in the splendid palaces of imagination. In every grouping of gorgeous scenes in the universe, its myriad voices whisper, and its silence breathes deep beauty of the world. If we kneel at Nature's simple altar, God, the Artist, will be there: for behind every work of art, and prior to its existence, must be the artist. The Grand Artist whose resources are illimitable—He who, from the unknown forces of unseen universe has fashioned, molded and set in motion, all the magnificent orders of the things which are seen, rises in supreme majesty above His most stupendous works—the great, the only original Artist, the great I Am, "who is from everlasting to everlasting."

Bacon, the greatest modern philosopher, has well said: "I had rather believed all the fables of the Talmud and Koran, than to believe this universal frame of man is without mind." Philosophers say that man is a microcosm, or a little world resembling in miniature every part of the great, and that the body natural may be compared to the body politic. If this be true, how can the epicurean opinion hold good that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms? We can no more believe it than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise on philosophy. All the universe of matter is one grand work of art. When the Great Artist began His labor of world building, He found all that now constitutes the visible universe of shapeless, inchoate mass. But in the fulness of His resources, He framed and set in motion all the systems of the heavens, and orders of the earth with such miraculous accuracy, that for all the flying centuries no jar has occurred. These things did not spring simultaneously into existence, but first the lowest

WHERE "ANTIQUE" FURNITURE COMES FROM.

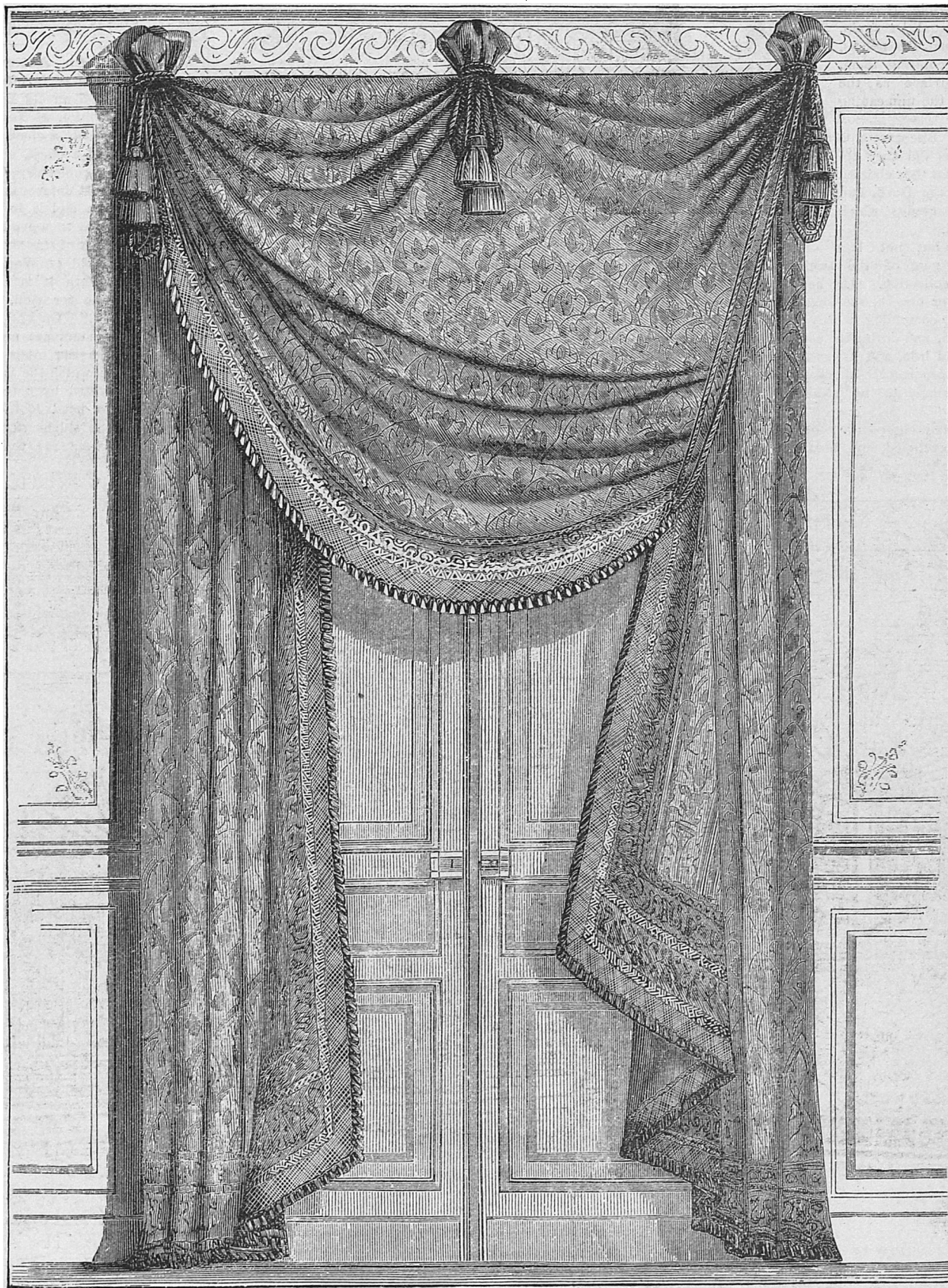
AN evening paper having lately made some remarks on the manufacture of antiquities, a German correspondent supplies the following, apropos of this branch of trade on the Continent. Many people, he says, think they are quite safe in buying cumbrous chairs, tables and sideboards, and even wainscoting and paneling of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. New York dealers are sweetly innocent when compared with some markets for the sale of this class of goods. Even in country places there are brokers who keep a sharp look-out at sales, and buy up every bit of old seasoned oak they can lay their hands on. Chairs, tables, desks, linen-chests, no matter how dilapidated, can be repaired and restored as cleverly as Professor Owen can build a skeleton of an extinct animal from a single bone. The sides and lids of oak chests make backs for huge arm-chairs, and table legs are worked

up for angles and frames. Carving is rudely imitated to match what already exists, and the whole is stained a good venerable color in such a manner as to deceive the very initiated. Not long ago a broker bought two huge boards at a sale of old church materials, which had served for the ten commandments. To his delight he discovered that they were old oak, and he immediately set to work to have them made up into an old cabinet.

But the richest thing of all is the regular trade in these "modern antiques." It is well known that in Holland and Belgium are some fine specimens of oak-carving. Collectors set off to pick up tit-bits in the Netherlands. The "trade" soon discovered this, and most ingeniously set to work to supply the "demand" for old Continental oak furniture. The 'cute natives eagerly fell into the scheme, and a brisk trade has consequently sprung up in this line of business. Collectors hear "by accident," perhaps from a railway porter or hotel proprietor, that in a certain district there are farm-houses, with lots of splendid old cabinets, chairs, chests, etc. They proceed to the spot, and sure enough, there are magnificent specimens of old oak, bearing arms, crests, or monograms of past generations of local magnates, or dates of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. They are eager to buy. No; the proprietor does not want to part with them; they are heir-looms. The collectors become desperate, they must have them, or at least one or two. The owner professes not to care much for them himself, but his brother, or wife, or some one dotes upon them, and he fears he will not be able to overcome their scruples, but the strangers may try if they like. An appointment is made when the dreaded re-

lative is to be at home, and ultimately yielding a reluctant consent, the farmer gives up the treasures for a good price.

Brand New Decorations.—Among the novelties at the forthcoming electrical exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium will be some fancy dresses, the trimmings of which are all effected by electric light. M. Pilot is now engaged upon the designs, which promise to be most original. Each dress is embroidered with fine wires, connecting innumerable small incandescent lamps. A main wire is carried down to the heel of the boot, which, coming into contact with a prepared carpet or floor, is charged with the electric current, and the trimmings of the dress are at once illuminated. It is intended to introduce these dresses on the stage in London, Paris and Vienna.—*World (London).*



DESIGN FOR PORTIERE, DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST FROM ORIGINAL PARISIAN SKETCH.

orders were constructed. "The foundations of the earth were laid when the morning stars sang together." From the lowest, the order of the works of the Divine Artist gradually rose higher, higher, higher, until the keystone was placed upon the arch of creation, and it stood bathed in morning's light—a symmetrical, beautiful whole, the grandest work of art of all the æons. Thus it is seen that the Deity advanced in His labors by the same process of evolution as does the human artist. Through all His works we can see progression rise upon progression.

Aristotle says: "The block of marble contains the statue, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish; the figure is in stone; the sculptor, only finds it." This is a concise history of all human art. In its essence, it simply means a clearing away of the rubbish, and organizing the materials at hand.